

*The History of*

*Fal.* You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous mā; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt: if man hood, good man hood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shot-ten herring: there lives not 3. good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weaver, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now Wool-sacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, i'le never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

*Prin.* Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poinet* there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord i'le stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward? i'le see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would give a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me, give me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that.

*He drinckes.*

A plague of all cowards still, say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? heere be foure of us, have tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poore foure of us.

*Prin.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together, I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the

*Hose.*

*Henry the*

*Hose*, my buckler cut thorow a like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I man, all would not do. A pla speake, if they speake more or laines, and the sonnes of darkne

*Gad.* Speake, firs, how was

*Roff.* We foure set upon a do

*Fals.* Sixteene at least, my

*Roff.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not

*Fals.* You rogue, they were I am a *lew* else, an Hebrew *lew*.

*Roff.* As we were sharing, so

*Fals.* And unbound the rest,

*Prin.* What fought ye with

*Fals.* All? I know, not what with fifty of them, I am a bunch two or three and fifty upon po twoleg'd creature.

*Poin.* Pray God you have no

*Fal.* Nay that's past praying them: Two I am sure I have p futes: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I to me Horse: thou knowest my of bore my point: foure rogues in

*Prin.* What, foure? thou sai

*Fal.* Foure *Hal*. I told thee

*Poin.* I, I; he said foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all af I made no more adoe, but too Target, thus:

*Prin.* Seven? why there were

*Fal.* In Buckrom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrom f

*Fal.* Seven, by these Hiltz, or

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone,

*Fals.* Doe'st thou heare me,

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too,